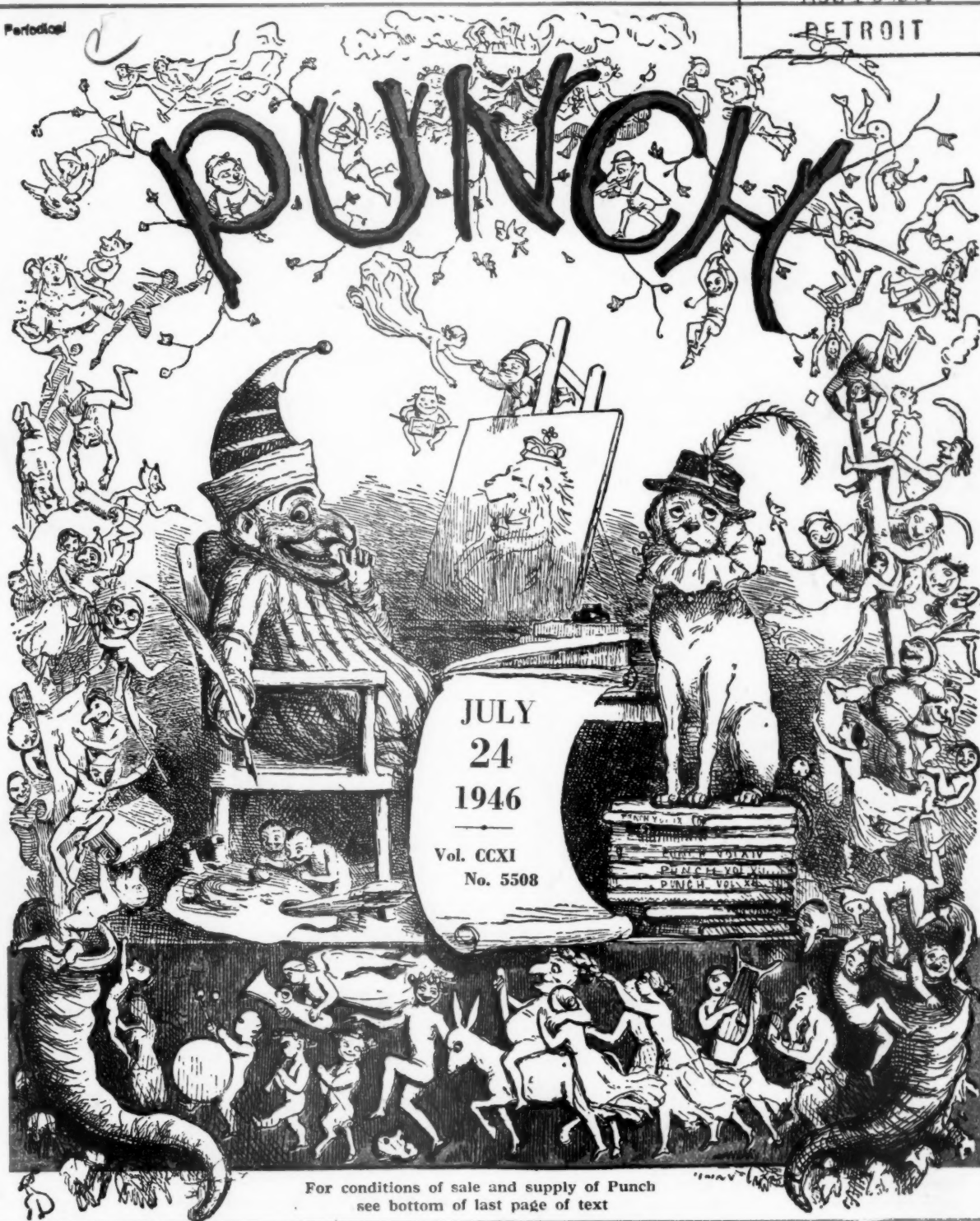


DUNLOP the Tyre that made Motoring possible

AUG 13 1946

DETROIT

Periodical



For conditions of sale and supply of Punch
see bottom of last page of text

Fit **"Triplex"**—and be safe
Regd

R. CRITTALL & CO., LTD. • SPECIALISTS IN WARMING & AIR CONDITIONING

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**RICHARD CRITTALL
FOR CONTROLLED WARMTH**



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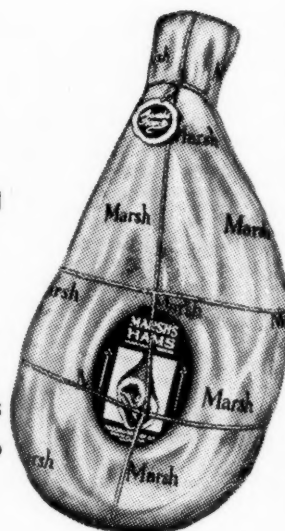
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MARSH & BAXTER LTD., BRIERLEY HILL



HERE'S TO THE RETURN OF

'Viyella'
Regd.

FOR DIVOT-DIGGING

When nineteenth holes are fully stocked. When you're wearing comfortable 'Viyella' again—the sports shirt that's cool when it's hot, warm when it's not. Then it *will* be peace!



V.4.b

See?

**It works
better on
RONSONOL**



Ronsonol is the ideal fuel for every type of lighter. It gives instant flash, it's fumeless, and it doesn't clog. Test it for yourself today; you'll be bound to notice straightaway the great difference that Ronsonol makes to your lighter.

RONSON

Ronsonol 1/6d. bottle.
Ronson Flints
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Outfit 1/6d.

FOR
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thin
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LUBRI



A Dorothy Gray



HOME TREATMENT

FOR SENSITIVE SKINS

A Home Treatment for the hypersensitive thin skin. Three delightful Preparations join in a highly effective sequence to care for the sensitive skin... each blended with meticulous care to exactly the same formulas as in pre-war days.



CLEANSE: Salon Cold Cream.

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STIMULATE: Orange Flower Skin Lotion

Dorothy Gray is a Reg. Trade Mark.



I'D LOVE
MY MISTRESS
to feed me on
CHAPPIE
whenever she can

Your pet is ready to give you far more than mere cupboard love. But you do want him to enjoy his diet and keep fit on it. So give him Chappie whenever possible — the meal balanced to the best advantage.

"CHAPPIE" DOG FOOD

1/- A TIN



"We'll never catch up,

..... wish those girls in the workroom would get a move on, we'll never catch up. Fitting rooms haven't been empty once today... Margaret and Helen away too; how do we cope?"

The buyer in a busy store needs endless energy afoot. Invariably she relies on Arch Preserver Shoes to take her through the day without one disturbing note of foot fatigue.

★ The famous comfort features do the trick.

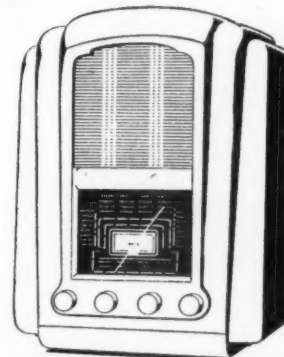


EMILY

- ★ Steel arch bridge for firm support.
- ★ Individually placed metatarsal pad for comfort.
- ★ Perfectly flat innersole for comfort-plus.

SELBERITE ARCH PRESERVER SHOES

Your personal fitting can be arranged at Selberite Arch Preserver agents and at any of the Branches of Manfield & Sons.



A. C. Main 3 Wave Band Superhet. Obtainable in limited quantities from your Ferranti dealer.

For good radio

Ferranti model 145

FERRANTI LTD. MOSTON MANCHESTER 10; & 36 KINGSWAY LONDON W.C.2.



Bronnley

Makers of
FINE SOAPS
for Fifty Years

It is no
mere chance
that Bronnley
Soap is
sought after so
much.



H. BRONNLEY & CO. LTD.
LONDON, W.1

Avoid the Peaks!

It certainly is necessary for most people to take a good holiday this year and the railways will do their utmost to provide a comfortable journey for all who decide to travel.

New rolling stock is being built as quickly as possible, but there cannot yet be enough seats to go round at the week-ends, especially in July and August.

The railways hope that all who can will avoid the peak travel periods and so add to the general comfort.

TRAVEL MID-WEEK



GWR • LMS • LNER • SR

Avoid the "Danger Curve"



Long hours in an office chair are ruining your stomach muscles, those protectors of your internal organs. A Linia Belt is a second abdominal wall supporting and toning the muscles. You look fitter, you feel fitter and you won't tire so easily.

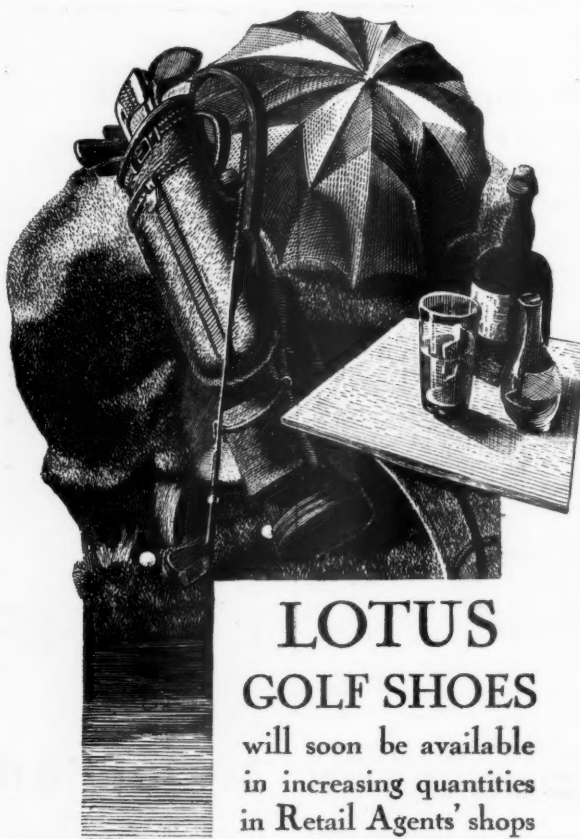
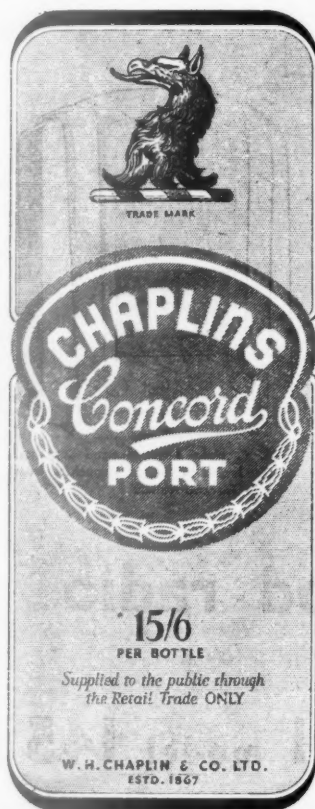
Price including the Linia Jock Strap
With medical certificate £4.4.0 and 3
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LINIA BELT

SOLD ONLY BY
J. ROUSSEL LTD.

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Phone: REG. 7570 and at Birmingham, Glasgow,
Liverpool, Manchester, etc.



LOTUS
GOLF SHOES
will soon be available
in increasing quantities
in Retail Agents' shops

Distinction is in Small Things

Distinctive is the
LIFE-LONG Pencil,
streamlined for
beauty and for
effortless writing,
elegant in
Silver and
Rolled Gold.
Keep on
asking.



Life-Long
PROPELLING PENCILS

Made in England by W. H. Collins & Co. Ltd.

The young man with ideas about clothes should have a look at what they've got in Harrods new 'Younger Man's Shop.' Everything from hats down to shoes is specially styled for the 'sixteens to nineteens.' It's something new and something good. Opening August 1st. Come and see.

Younger Man's Shop
HARRODS

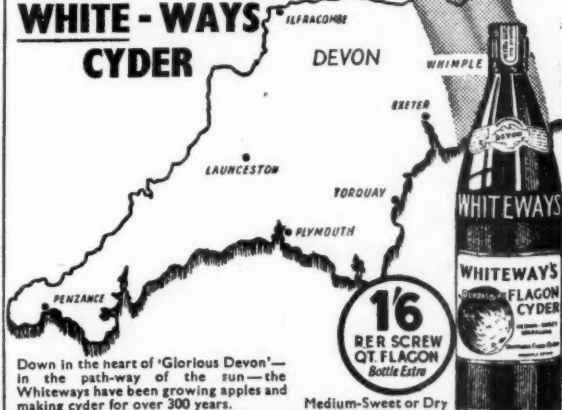
OPENING
AUGUST 1st.

Harrods Ltd
London SW1



BLUE SKY
GOLDEN SUN
GREEN TREES
PINK BLOSSOM
RED APPLES

**WHITE - WAYS
CYDER**



Down in the heart of 'Glorious Devon'—
in the path-way of the sun—the
Whiteways have been growing apples and
making cyder for over 300 years.

Medium-Sweet or Dry

WHERE THE RAINBOW ENDS

CVS—91

RATTRAY'S

OLD GOWRIE

TOBACCO

We are friendly with the postal
authorities chiefly because every
package we send out—and there
are many thousands each year
—is very securely packed and
clearly addressed. Even during
the stress of the war years the
packing never varied. It is our
special concern to see that every
order received before midday is
dispatched the same day. The
Rattray service is always kept
on the same high standard as
the tobaccos.

Obtainable only
from

Chas Rattray

TOBACCO BLENDER
Forth, Scotland
Price 5/4 per lb. Post Paid
Send 12/10 for sample 1-lb.
tin. Post Free.

If there's a **HEADACHE**
between you and your work!
take

Cephus

SOLD EVERYWHERE, 1/3 & 3/- Inc. Pur. Tax

Pedigree
PRAMS & FOLDERS
All the best babies have them
L.B. LTD. London

Not too little..

not too much..



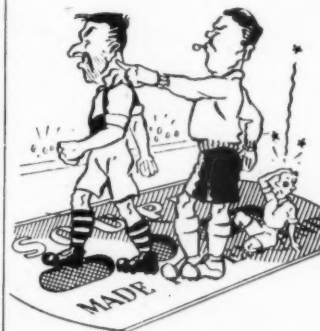
but just right IF IT'S
ERASMIC SHAVING
STICK
THANKS TO ITS
DOUBLE-DENSE LATHER



ER 361-96

THE ERASMIC CO. LTD.

To **RAZOR** smile



**GET RID OF THE
ROUGH STUFF**

Start shaving
to-day with . . .

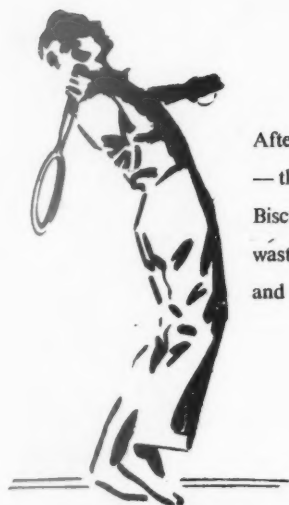
Souplex

SUPER BLADES

Makers also of the famous
DOUBLE SIX



O



After exercise, restore energy with biscuits — they are chock full of nourishment. Biscuits provide nourishment without waste—no-one wastes biscuits. They keep, and keep you going.

BISCUITS

keep you going

Issued by the Cake and Biscuit Manufacturers War Time Alliance Ltd.

CVS-105



Courtaulds
RAYON

IT may be some little time yet before dresses and lingerie made from Courtaulds rayon are back in the shops in pre-1939 abundance. All the same we would remind those who were buying in the days of plenty to pass on to their younger sisters the advantages of thinking in terms of serviceable loveliness, which the "Tested Quality" mark ensures.



An open back, marking the return to brighter fashions, and vivid colour celebrating the return of Summer. Clarks combine both in "Rosella", one of their PARAKEET shoes.



Clarks of Street have retailers in nearly every town. Please choose from the styles you find available.

GROW YOUR VEGETABLES—

*—and
enjoy them
with*



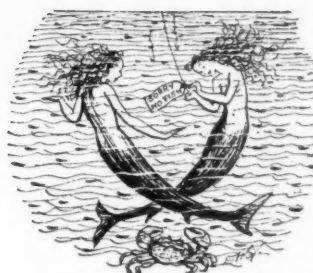
CROSSE & BLACKWELL LTD
LONDON · ENGLAND



PUNCH

OR

THE LONDON CHARIVARI



Vol. CCXI No. 5508

July 24 1946

Charivaria

WE are unable either to confirm or deny the suggestion, now current in some quarters, that Mr. Strachey has met his Bakerloo.

A feature of the B.B.C. Third Programme will be full-length broadcasts rather than excerpts. This is taken to mean *both* sides of the record.

There still seems some doubt as to whether the U.S.A. or the U.S.S.R. won the second World War. The British Commonwealth of Nations of course merely prevented them losing it.



"My gardener invariably retains his collar and tie while at work," says a correspondent. He takes his coat off, of course, to qualify for the extra bread ration.

A collector of antiques is offering to exchange an early Victorian table for something equally interesting. Such as the full-size white loaf that used to go on it.

"Northamptonshire dropped catch after catch in the heat wave at Taunton, and Somerset also caught the infection before the close."—*Daily Telegraph*.

Well, at least Somerset caught something.

A man on Clacton beach was seen lighting a cigarette with a lens he had taken from a telescope. The trouble is that, given a telescope and a sunny day, you still need a cigarette.

"For years to-day's winner has been regarded as one of the particularly bright stars in the well-cultivated garden of Air Force marksmen."—*Report on Bisley in "The Times"*.

It hardly seems so long since Constellations were grounded.

"It is quite a job naming a baby daughter," says a young mother. Though not, perhaps, if one has a rich aunt.



Damages are claimed against a Paris hotel by a man who found a piece of motor tyre in some hash. This is regarded as another example of how the motor-car has displaced the horse.

A Quick Summing-Up

"On this day, June 24th, six years ago, I sat in Church through the day collecting subscriptions for a new bellows for the organ chamber. France had collapsed, civilization was tottering, and we in England, unarmed and alone, held the one remaining fort between Hitler and his dream of world dominion."

Vicar's notes in Parish magazine.

A farmer says that many of his land girls left him early in the year to get married. They ploughed the fields and scattered.



The Orient Herb

"I am simply dying for tea"—Queen Anne

"Hardly my cup of Tay"—Sir Walter Scott

TEA (which can be exotic Jasmine or Flowery Orange Pekoe, the strong creamy Assam or the soft mellow Doar—I shall allow you to make your choice) should be made with the limpid water of melted snow or the bubbling water of a mountain stream, not river water, and not well water, and poured into a warmed cup made of the porcelain of Ivray. It should stay on the leaves, according to the information given to Sir Kenneth Digby in 1664, no longer than while you can say the *Miserere* Psalm very leisurely, if you can say it at all. These things I learned at the Tea Centre in Regent Street while I was having tea there. And if you find difficulty in pushing your tea equipment, whether it be Caroline or Georgian or Victorian, with all its accoutrements of oak, mahogany, silver, and earthenware, up the sides of Helvellyn or Snowdon in order to drink your tea (or Tay or Thee) as it should be drunk, and feel a little out of breath for your prayer when you reach the summit, never mind, O thirsty reader. Persevere. *Finis coronat opus*.

But that is not the whole story of Thee. (I am indebted for this spelling of the word to William Salmon, Professor of Physick, at the close of the seventeenth century, and he lived, if you want to know, at the Blue Balcony by the Ditchside nigh Holbourn Bridge—about half-way between our Publishing Office and our Printing Works. He held that "Thee binds the mouth of the stomach, those vapours which ascending would cause sleep." May the earth rest lightly on his bones!)

I had a personal recantation to make about tea. I had not been at the Tea Centre very long before I was given an Anthology of Three Hundred Quotations and Anecdotes about Tea compiled by an author who calls it "the beverage which has brought cheer and comfort to the world and in the service of which I have had the privilege of devoting the greater part of my life."

Apparently, long ago, I had been rude to tea. I was cited in this anthology as having said that "tea poisons the interior, wrecks the constitution and debilitates the nerves." I must have been very angry at that moment with tea. I now withdraw my words.

The array of talent on the other side is far too strong. With me (so far as I can make out) were Colley Cibber,

William Cobbett (the planter of oaks), Jonas Hanway (who gave us the umbrella) and Mr. Bernard Shaw.

A distinguished little coterie, no doubt; but consider the opposition. The Anglo-Saxons are a nation of teamen. They have tea in the blood. Against us were ranged alphabetically Addison, Coleridge, Dickens, Disraeli, Dr. Joad, Lord Macaulay, Field-Marshal Montgomery, Ruskin, Queen Victoria, Edgar Wallace, and the Great Duke of Wellington, to name but a few. It is hardly necessary to remind you of Pepys or Dr. Johnson, or to recall the fact that Gladstone filled his hot-water bottle with tea and drank it in the morning. I sincerely hope that he infused it over-night with the bubbling water of a mountain stream. Sydney Smith (who can usually be relied on for finality) said, "I am glad I was not born before tea"; but perhaps the most beautiful remark was not that of a Briton at all, but very properly of a Chinaman. It was the opinion of Chang Ch'ao that "The spring wind is like wine. The summer wind is like tea."

The only fault I had to find with the Tea Centre was on the statistical side. It is true that they had numberless charts and photographs showing the exports and imports of tea, and proving that, gullet for gullet, the British are the swiftest and greatest tea-swallowers in the world; that tea saw us through the "blitz" at home and the battles abroad; that, as Lord Woolton observed, "tea is more than a beverage in Britain"; or, as Augustine Birrell remarked, "Any interference with its consumption would wreck an Empire." One sees it, in fact, as the thin brown line.

But what one wants to know, or rather what I want to know, is who is the greatest tea-man or tea-woman of modern times. I should like an ocular demonstration of the art. Lo-Ting could only take six cups, or so he says. Dr. Johnson could, and did, dispose of thirty-seven. Here is the tea-pot of Nelson, the tea-pot of Thomas Hardy, the tea-pot of Wellington. Where did these great men rank at the tray and round the board? How many saucerfuls did Wordsworth lap? What sugar had John Keats? I asked a lady at the Tea Centre where she herself came in as a cup-woman. She said "Eleven," and added at once, defensively, "But I know someone who drinks forty-eight."

"A man," I asked, "or a woman?"

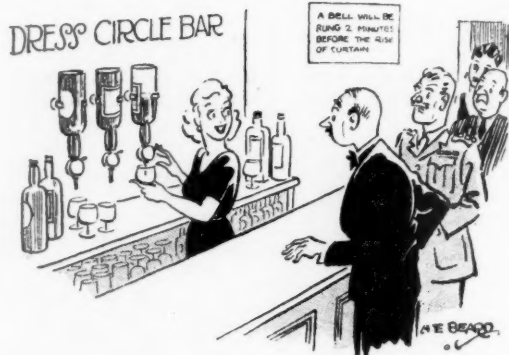
"A woman," she said.

It would be interesting to know for certain whether men or women are really the supreme workers in this field; and I should have thought that a demonstration of capacity might be arranged in Regent Street.

A mixed foursome round any tea-table of any period, using what water, what infusers, what crockery, what caddies, and what brand of the plant they liked the best, with a telegraph board showing the scores as they gradually mounted, would arouse the keenest interest among a public devoted to records, and tea-swillers prominent in public life might be persuaded to compete.

There may be Australians who could reach their fifty, yet there are several women whom I would back to beat the best of them in what I suppose could be called the Tercentenary Test Match of Tea.

EVOE.



"Of course it's only cold tea really."

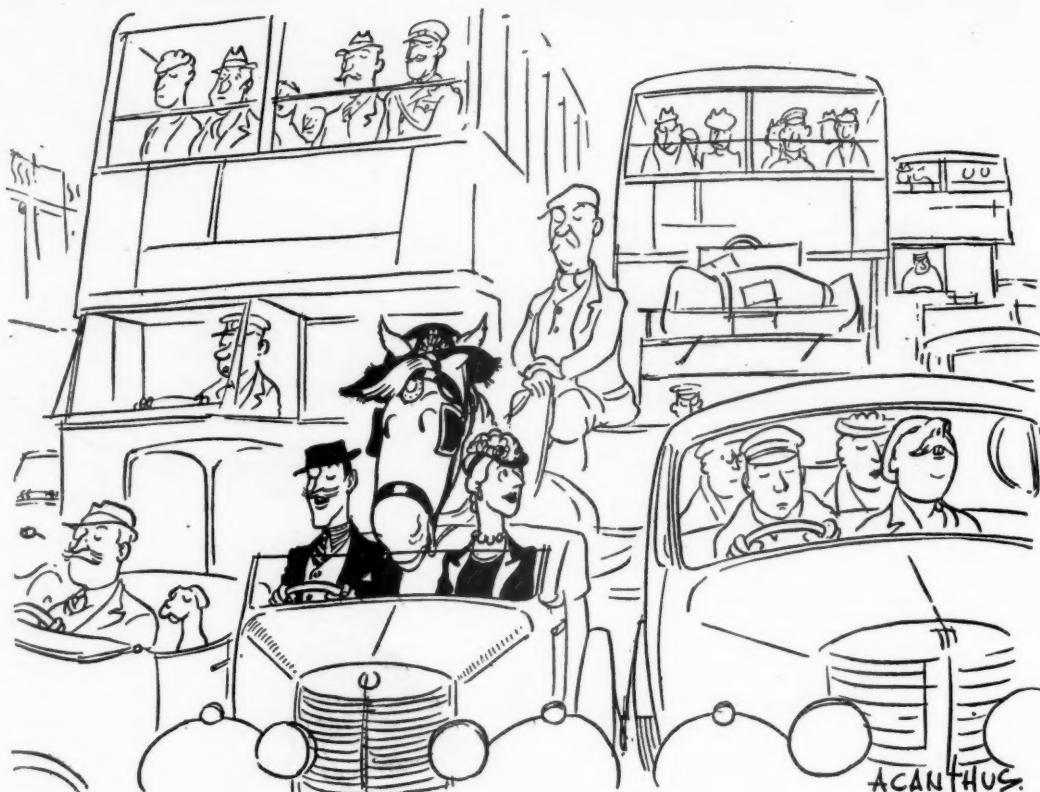
"Shoes, very smart, high heels, almost new, size 6; one brown suede, one black suede; £4 each."—Advert. in daily paper.

For which foot?



TRUST

"Now if you're very good I'll let you off the chain and give you a bit of a run round the garden."



"I said this traffic congestion is becoming rather serious."

Lament for the Eagles

"NA!" said Davie the Onach stalker
In the corrie on Carn-na-Chron,
"Ye'll see nae eagles the year, whatever;
The eagles is gone.

There was twa pair nestit in the glens o' the Onach
An' I can tell ye where;
Ane was on the crag inabove the lochan
An' the other down there

In the firs; an' both the nests was laid in.
Now the lochan ane had young
But the hen was shot as she cam' in one evenin'
An' the eaglet's neck was wrung.

Fine I ken it was Mackay the keeper
(But keep yon under yer hat)
An' fine I ken where he got his orders—
But we'll say nae mair o' that.

Syne there was a fellie cam' up frae Glesca
An' ten pound wud he spen'

For a clutch o' the eggs o' the golden eagle.
I'm tellin' ye! Ten!

So the eggs in the fir-tree they was liftit
An' I cud give ye the name
O' the lad that was temptit an' went an' took them;
But it's no' him I blame . . .

Now I'm no' for sayin' that the golden eagle
Is a bird as does nae ill;
They'll lift a lamb or maybe a grousie,
But still—but still—

They're grand birds an' it's rare t' see them
Sailin' up ower the ben—
Them as was ance the pride o' Scotland
An' micht be again.

But the likes o' Mackay an' the lad frae Glesca
They're huntin' them out o' the sky
Till there winna be an eagle frae Spey t' Spean . . .
It's a peety . . . Aye!" H. B.

Lady Addle in Ireland

Bengers, Herts, 1946

MY DEAR, DEAR READERS,—After the somewhat alarming experiences which I described in my last letter, I felt quite played out, and eventually Addle insisted that I should have a change. This coincided with an invitation from distant cousins, Lord and Lady Ardluck of Ballyshame Castle, in the beautiful West Country, to go to Ireland for some fishing. At first Addle hesitated, saying that he did not care for Mr. de Valera's face on the postage stamps, but when I pointed out that the stamp was merely the map of Ireland he withdrew his objection, and we decided to spend a week at Ardluck and a week in Dublin.

Perhaps we should never have taken the plunge had Mipsie not urged it so strongly. "The Emerald Isle is full of treasures that need no coupons," she said, in her winsome poetic way. She begged me to bring her a piece of shamrock—also something else that was written in a sealed letter enclosed in a parcel which I was not to open till Dublin. She is so like a child in her love of secrets and surprises that one finds oneself caught up in her girlish excitement, and of course I promised not to disappoint her.

We went by boat—rather to my disappointment, as having now learnt to drive a car I feel an aeroplane is only one stage further, and no tiresome traffic to bother with. But Mipsie urged it, saying that we should have to travel very light by air, which would not have suited Addle at all, as he never moves without the rhinoceros-hide Gladstone bag which was his father's and his grandfather's before him. But we had a splendid journey and were soon being met by the brake at Ardluck Station.

What memories the old grey stone castle brought back to me! I had often stayed there as a child, and I and my cousin Shagreen had roamed barefoot over the bogs of Connemara. I still love to stand without shoes on the soft pile carpet of my bedroom, and I attribute this passion to my few drops of Irish blood! During the troubles the family had a perilous time. For years Lord Ardluck wore an asbestos beard and carried a fire-extinguisher in his trousers. Once, they only got out of the back door, carrying the family jewels in a cricket-bag, just as the rebels entered at the front. They had left the governess, who was much the same build as Lady

Ardluck, dressed in her employer's clothes, seated at her desk. The rebels questioned her, but their suspicions were aroused by her well-educated answers, and they let her off.

Old Lady Ardluck, who I remember as a gracious figure dressed entirely in Carrickmacross lace, was a great supporter of Irish industries. She founded a local tweed, giving it her name, and encouraging its production so staunchly that perhaps her enthusiasm carried her too far. At any rate she ordered the whole of her daughter's trousseau to be woven in Ardluck tweed, even down to the night-gowns and underclothes. Poor Shagreen, her marriage was not a success—I never knew why.

After a very happy week at Ballyshame—somewhat poor fishing, but I could not persuade Addle to leave one fish in the boat for the fairies, so what could he expect?—we went on to Dublin, where I hastened to open Mipsie's sealed parcel. It contained 1 lb. of tea, together with a long list of things I was to bring her back from Ireland. I glanced at the paper. It began with 12 prs. of silk stockings and ended with 1 house-parlourmaid. Slightly appalled at the task before me, and completely mystified by the tea, I then discovered an enclosure, which ran:



"And so, with the nearer batsman caught by a tallish dark man off the thinner bowler, the score at a hundred or so for not many wickets, and my colleague racing along the boundary to see what on earth's gone wrong with the telegraph board, we take you back to the studio."

DARLING BLANCHE,—Will you be an angel and get these? Also take this tea to the address on the parcel (side door). Don't worry about coupons, they will follow.

Your loving MIPSIÉ.

P.S.—(Then followed instructions as to how best to pack the purchases on the return journey.)

It all seemed rather like magic—but a magic that worked, as my readers must by now expect from my clever sister. I delivered her present of tea—evidently a kindly thought for some poor friend, as the address was not in one of the better Dublin streets. Next day, a whole Irish coupon book arrived out of the blue by post! Then I got busy, and I must confess I thoroughly enjoyed shopping again, while Addle sat in the hotel and dozed over *The Times*. I think the complete change did him good too.

Eventually our last day arrived, alas! and I got up early and packed according to Mipsie's advice. A nylon belt inside my thermos would save possible breakage, she said; half a bottle of whisky in my hot-water bottle preserved the rubber, while she strongly advised Addle to save chills on the boat by twisting the twelve pairs of silk stockings round his waist. We need not declare anything, she told us, to my great relief, as I would not like to do anything illegal anywhere. But I think Addle must have misunderstood her letter, for just as we were going through the Irish customs an officer turned to him and asked if he was wearing anything that had been purchased in Dublin. Addle replied: "Yes, I've got twelve pairs of silk stockings round my waist"; but the officer only laughed and said, "Ach, sorr, but you English do like your little jokes," and waved us away to the boat.

At Holyhead we were less fortunate. Something about Addle's silhouette must have struck the authorities as unusual, for they insisted on taking my poor husband away and stripping him. However, they made no objection to his having the stockings, I rejoice to say, provided he paid them £7 duty plus £10 fine (I cannot think what for), so we arrived home with all our purchases for dear Mipsie intact—except the maid. But even this has turned out for the best, as she has just secured one of her old prison associates, lately released from a kleptomaniac sentence, who Mipsie says will be better than an Irish girl, as she will know her way about the London shops. M. D.

Television Now

I HAVE just been televised, I think, and I have decided that being televised is an experience to be shared as widely as possible. These are pioneering days in a great new educational medium, and everybody should be forewarned about the pains and penalties involved in pioneering.

You go up the hill to the Alexandra Palace, its tall mast beaming away in the sunlight, knowing that in another five or six hours your image will go racing through the ether or ozone, or whatever it is the Alexandra Palace is enveloped in. That's a thrilling thought, if you like! Your image, your face, spread over a radius of at least forty miles! You wonder how thinly it will be spread, whether it will be recognisable beyond Wood Green and Cockfosters. Involuntarily you straighten your tie and switch on that smug and detestable smirk you always exhibit in snapshots. Of course you are very nervous.

The Palace gates are open. A commissionaire greets you with a mispronunciation of your surname and directs you down a long corridor to a studio. There is a peep-hole in the door of the studio and you apply an eye warily. Your first impression is that the studio is on fire. The floor is thickly strewn with pipes and cables; a weird assortment of machines like the fire-fighting appliances of an early blitz are straining and heaving. Overhead, more cables, wires, girders, jibs, beams, cranes. The equipment is manned by a gang of young technicians in gay sports shirts. They seem to be enjoying themselves. Some are sitting astride their television cameras, shunting them backwards and forwards. (What is a television camera? Well, it's like a chip off an old bulldozer, adapted for projecting death-rays.) Other television boys are practising aloft, swinging their microphones through great arcs; others, again, are just bringing their lamps to bear on anybody within reach. Minor technicians fill in any gaps on the floor and in the air. When I was there most of them seemed to be standing with their feet on the pipes and cables, stopping the flow of electricity, water, and so on. I don't know whether I ought to say this—I don't want to get anybody into trouble—but I *did* see one arc-lamp operative burning neat smoky holes in sheets of tissue-paper. It was a human touch that I appreciated.

The rehearsal was too depressing for recapitulation. Forward, then, to

zero-hour, or, rather, to Z-hour minus a half, when I was driven to the Make-up Room. Here a very beautiful girl tucked a napkin round my neck and looked hard at my face. She said she thought it would distort well. Then she set to work with powders and potions. To give you some idea of the deplorable state of my mind at this stage I will reproduce a fragment of the forced conversation that ensued.

"Ha, ha! Rather short back and sides, please. Ha, ha!"

She grinned.

"I suppose you must have done this to scores of real celebrities?" I went on.

"Oh, yes," she said. "We had Dr. Joad here last week and Miff Burkin and his Sultry Seven."

"But you must get very tired of slapping this stuff on to face after face?"

"Oh, no. I like it. No two faces are really the same, you know. And they all sign my autograph-book afterwards."

"Tell me," I said, "what is Joad's face really like? Did you do anything about the beard?"

She stopped dabbing for a moment but said nothing. I gathered that I had said the wrong thing. In another ten minutes I was done. She untied my bib, and like a fool I asked whether she had any razor-blades, shaving-soap, cigarettes or matches. She hadn't. Then I thanked her for doing me and lingered with my hand on the door-knob for fully a minute. But she didn't produce the autograph-album.

I got back to my place in front of the camera. Suddenly a man in a green tartan shirt yelled "Quiet everybody—this is it," and notices high up on the wall flashed:

SOUND ON
VISION ON

I waited, the words of my first sentence bubbling at my lips. Still no cue. Then I became aware that behind the curtain of light before me someone was gesticulating wildly. So I started.

Once on the move I soon made up for lost time. I did this by omitting* the second, third and fourth sentences of my talk, a really vital passage. When I realized what I had done a cold sweat broke out through my grease-paint and camera No. 1 recoiled tactfully. I shot a glance at the nearest technician about eighteen inches away,

but his face gave no sign that he had missed anything.

At this point I paused in my discourse for half a minute. Then the sheet of lunar light before my mind seemed to clear a bit and I moved off into my concluding remarks. How I recovered and warped the argument back to paragraph three again I shall never know. It is enough that I succeeded, as one might say.

The cameras were now jockeying for position. First one, then another, would move up to me, pour a broadside into my distorted flank, and back away noiselessly. Then all three (or thirty, I forget which) would retreat together. Once, it seemed to me, they were out of range altogether and I whipped out my handkerchief (pipe and keys) to mop my beaded brow. When I looked up I saw that they were regrouping for a fresh sortie. I lost my head and began to shout. The microphones winced and swung away on their jibs.

My confidence was shattered, my spirit broken. I no longer cared what I said, how I said it, or what I looked like saying it. When I came to the conclusion again a strange whimsy possessed me and I began to recite a long and irrelevant article which I wrote many years ago about the future of the small firm. I was not really surprised when out of the corner of my eye I saw two men, practically naked, standing with their arms folded in what looked like a blanket. They were studying me very earnestly.

Then I heard myself say "Good-bye, now." I closed my eyes and gripped the table hard. Three seconds later I saw that I was alone. The technicians had swung away to the left and with all their paraphernalia intact were now attacking a fresh target.

I did not stay to see the wrestling demonstration, but they told me afterwards that transmission broke down half-way through the performance. Nobody seems to know whether my programme went out or not. Hod.

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"Antique Wicker Cradle, excluding contents, 30 gns."—Advt. in "The Times."

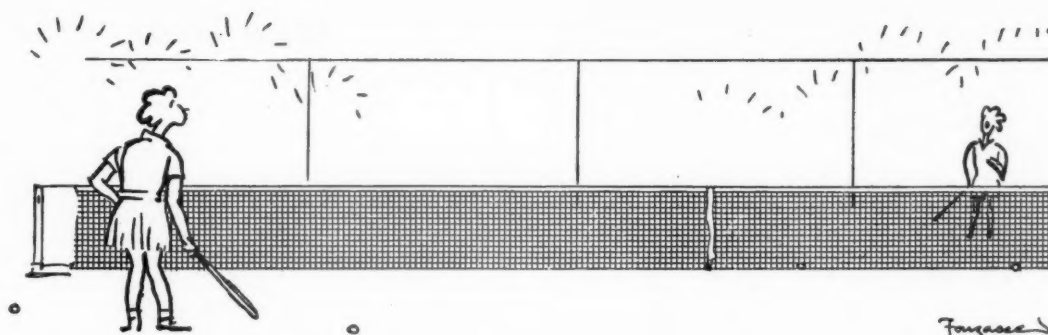
Couldn't expect a baby at that price, naturally.

o o

"THIEVES TAKE SILK."
"Evening News."

And K.C.s take libel action.

* I was not allowed a script.



"Wasn't my last shot just out?"
 "No, it was just in."
 "I thought it was just out."
 "I thought it was just in."
 "Did you? I thought you thought it was just out."
 "Well, I thought you thought it was just in."
 "Yes, I THOUGHT you thought I thought it was just in."
 "For the matter of that, I was fairly certain you thought I thought it was just out."
 "So let's call it a let."

Junk

HE is a foreigner and I am asked to entertain him, which I am happy to do, though I don't speak his language nor, I am warned, does he speak mine.

He comes and I say "How do you do?" To which he replies "Thank you, yes." And my wife says "How do you do?" And again he replies "Thank you, yes."

And then there is an ugly pause.

My wife rushes in impetuously, saying "What would you like to see? The Castle? The Cathedral? The Public Library? The River?"

"Please," he starts...

We are on tenterhooks.

"Please," he continues, "to see the junk."

Quick deciphering is evidently necessary. My wife, to give me time, offers him a cigarette.

He does not smoke.

"The junk," he says, warming up, for this is evidently his subject, "is a great problem, no?"

As a good housewife, my wife is sympathetic. "It was a great problem," she says; "one had dozens of things one did not want. But now one has got rid of them in the war."

She explains about salvage drives.

As I feared, salvage drive defeats him.

My wife explains patiently. "In the war," she says, "we were asked to give away our old junk. It has been made into bullets, tanks, cartridge-cases, you know."

"How," he asks, "is the junk bullets, please?"

Which of course is a difficult technical question.

My wife makes signs.

"Mr. Job," she says.

Mr. Job is where a few weeks ago we sold a bathroom stool which had lost a leg for twice the price that we originally paid for it.

I give supporting fire.

I say "Perhaps you would like to see Mr. Job. He has more junk than anybody that I know."

The stranger understands roughly. Very roughly.

"He has," he asks, "how many, this Mr. Job?"

"Hundreds of things," my wife tells him.

"Hundreds?" This evidently surprises him.

Not half as much as his next statement surprises me.

For he says, "I do not forget that I am once junk. And your wife," he adds, "she is junk, no?"

He says it, curiously, as if he was paying her a great compliment.

To save further embarrassment I fetch the car. Mr. Job's establishment is half a mile away and I have a feeling that our guest will not be happy till he gets there.

Introducing him to the car I say, "A fair piece of junk itself, this—but it still goes."

The remark defeats him.

We reach Mr. Job's shop, but it is

shut. I remember sadly that the chief thing about Mr. Job's shop is that it is nearly always shut. There are one or two broken chairs in the window, some plates and a number of dusty and unreadable books.

I point. "Junk," I say.

But he replies, "No, not junk." And he looks at me curiously—almost as if I were insane. He looks no more flatteringly at my wife.

In the street outside the shop there are some children playing. They must have come from round the corner, for they were not here a moment ago.

Our guest looks at them, and his eyes light with interest. He looks at them, and then he looks at us. And then he sighs. There is much expression in his sigh. The stupidity of the English. The tragedy of the Universe. It is all there, somehow.

And then he says, with the air of a man pronouncing some tremendous, some world-shaking judgment: "The future of the world," he says, "it is with the junk."

Curious.

o o

$$\frac{x}{y} = z$$

"I COUNT people," said Sprottle, "five or six to the bottle"; so we felt rather sad when he said that he had neither sherry nor gin to divide us all into.



"I wouldn't mind signing on for another seven, provided that I retain my rank."

"To Start You Talking"

The Home

SHOULD parents learn to hold their tongue
When in the presence of the young,
Not occupy the easy-chairs,
And not discuss their own affairs?
And you, the stranger or the guest,
What's your reaction to the test?
Perhaps you may not like the child,
May think it tiresome, selfish, wild;
But is it not more likely true
The child knows best what's good for you?

School

What subjects should a schoolboy teach,
And should he be allowed to preach?
Can anything be truer than
"The child is father of the man"
And so should exercise at school
His talent for paternal rule,
Revise the Service, speed the pace,
And keep the masters in their place?

Sex

This talk will be extremely frank,
So let's begin with*****

And now sufficient has been said
To start you talking. Go ahead!

G. F. B.

More Hints

THIS article, as its title implies, will give my readers more hints than they got in my last article, which was called simply Hints. I mean, if they add this lot to the first they will have more than otherwise. Having got this clear I can start straight away with my first bit of advice, which is for gingernut-eaters, the ones who don't dip their gingernuts in their tea, coffee, milk or cocoa and wonder if it is all right to make so much noise eating them. Well, my advice to eaters of dry gingernuts is to go flat out and look as if they are making the noise on purpose, to give an impression of carefree over-enjoyment to which the noise is a help. The point is that they won't make any more noise this way than by surreptitious champing, and they won't be taken for mugs, just nuisances. Anyway, the world accepts gingernuts for what they are, as is proved by the fact that it has written whole paragraphs on how to drink soup quietly, but never a word on the mastery of the gingernut.

Etiquette of course is a rich field for the hint-writer, and it may be that my readers are waiting with all sorts of little social problems they would like a decision on—whether, for instance, they should feel as silly as they do when they call a taxi-driver "Driver," whether their friends judge standards of taste by the pointed ends of parcel-wrappings, and if they can do anything to zip up the way they listen to funny stories. Actually the problem I was going to take next is not exactly one of etiquette, though it is tangled up with the very fabric of society. It concerns those occasions when we have had time to decide beforehand how we will manage the conversation. My readers have only to imagine themselves going to an interview, or being about to say something unfriendly to a friend, or attending a party where they will meet someone famous, or ringing up the telephone people, to realize that all occasions have something in common—in some inexplicable manner they never show us up so well as they should; or, in other words, there is always a good reason for their not doing so. Telephone people like to queer the conversational pitch by suddenly asking for our number and thus rendering foolish anything we have said so far; a meeting with a famous person is spoilt by never getting the chance of speaking to that person; interviews are apt to be held with strangers, so that we may build a fine conversation round a kind face sitting in a room just like the one we have left, only to find the whole thing wasted at the first glance; and as for those carefully swotted-up dramatic dialogues with our friends, my readers know as well as I do that they will be lucky to get out somehow what they have to say. Taking the whole question of rehearsed conversations in general, therefore, I would advise my readers to scrap the preliminary work and rely on common sense and quick thinking—though psychologists and telephone people and others suddenly rung up by someone who had something definite to tell them, do think it doesn't do any harm to arrange ourselves a bit before we lift the receiver. While talking of telephones, by the way, I might give my readers the hint that when they use someone else's telephone it is a nice gesture to put the receiver back facing what they hope, but have no way of knowing, to be the same way as before. If it is the right way they will get no credit, but if it is the wrong their fussier friends will be mildly annoyed with themselves for minding.

Not all my readers, I imagine, do their own ironing, but that does not deter me from devoting quite a bit of space to those who do it for them. Ironing is a skilled job, which



"Third floor—hardware and gardening tools and tail of queue for stockings on sale in basement."

means it is a job people are surprised to find they do so well. It can be summed up as accumulated perseverance, because we start with something not ironed at all and, simply by turning bit after bit from an unironed area into an ironed one, end up with something ironed all over. My hint to those embarking on something very big and with a lot of corners, like a full-sized shirt, is just to iron away until it is finished, which is what they would have done anyway, but I wanted to assure them that everyone feels the same, and there is no short cut to success, unless you count not ironing accidental pleats in things as a short cut. What my readers might like to know, though, is how to iron round a button, because human nature tends to head the iron straight at the button and either tear it off or leave a sort of wake round it which is difficult to iron out again. I advise people who do this to nose rather more tentatively round the button, but not to leave the back end of the iron to scorch the shirt. Experts say it is all instinct. Another thing experts swank about is folding an ironed shirt so that it looks as if it has been to the laundry. The secret of this process is to find a shirt which has been to the laundry (my readers may object whimsically that there is no such thing, but I would remind them that every shirt now at the laundry turns eventually into a shirt which has been there) and to practise their shirt-folding in secret until they, too, can amaze their simpler friends. Then there is trouser-ironing. Ironers of trousers, that is putters-back of creases in trousers which have usually lost them all the way up, may want to know if other trouser-ironers feel as brave as they do when they seize one of those little pleats at the top end and start on down to meet the

crease they have begun at the bottom end. The answer is yes, probably, if you except the people who are thinking about something else altogether. Trouser-pressing, unlike shirt-ironing, is more than just accumulated perseverance, because it demands a long-term view of the job, and one of those damp cloths that are always going dry. So, with a word of sympathy, I leave my trouser-ironing readers to slog away at it and do their usual cadge afterwards for the praise they so richly deserve.

It seems highly probable that, modern as times undoubtedly are, most of my readers have never got over feeling awkward about Christian names and surnames—I mean at that stage when they have been more or less told to drop someone's surname and start on the Christian name, but have not yet said it. Very few people, sociologists aver, are bold enough to use a person's Christian name the minute they qualify; they are apt not to call this person anything for a bit, and to find it difficult to attract this person's attention in a crowd; though a crowd may help in that one of them can be used to practise on, as in asking someone to take a cup of tea over to the Christian name. After this it is fairly easy to get to the point of actually using the name, and after that it is no trouble at all. So my advice to people going through this awkward stage is to get it over; and to remember, just to get the thing in perspective, that for all we know people feel funny when they first use our Christian names—a fact as hard to believe as the fact that strangers passing us in the street either notice us or don't. Another awkward stage in this name business is when Christian names are due to be scrapped for nicknames, when much the same thing happens; and perhaps an even more awkward stage occurs when we find we have skipped a rung and got to the nickname sooner than we were due for it. However, as I was saying, most people feel the same as other people over these things; and the same goes for taking the last piece of cake when we are out to tea. Everyone feels a bit of a cad without really feeling in the least like one, because no one takes the last piece of cake without having been fully persuaded into it by someone who could not very well, in the circumstances, do anything else.

"Six hundred and sixty Australian brides of British Servicemen, sailing from Australia to-day on the aircraft-carrier H.M.S. Victorious, have been provided by the Red Cross with comforts, including tinned fruit, cream, biscuits, beauty preparations and 500 canvas folding deck chairs.

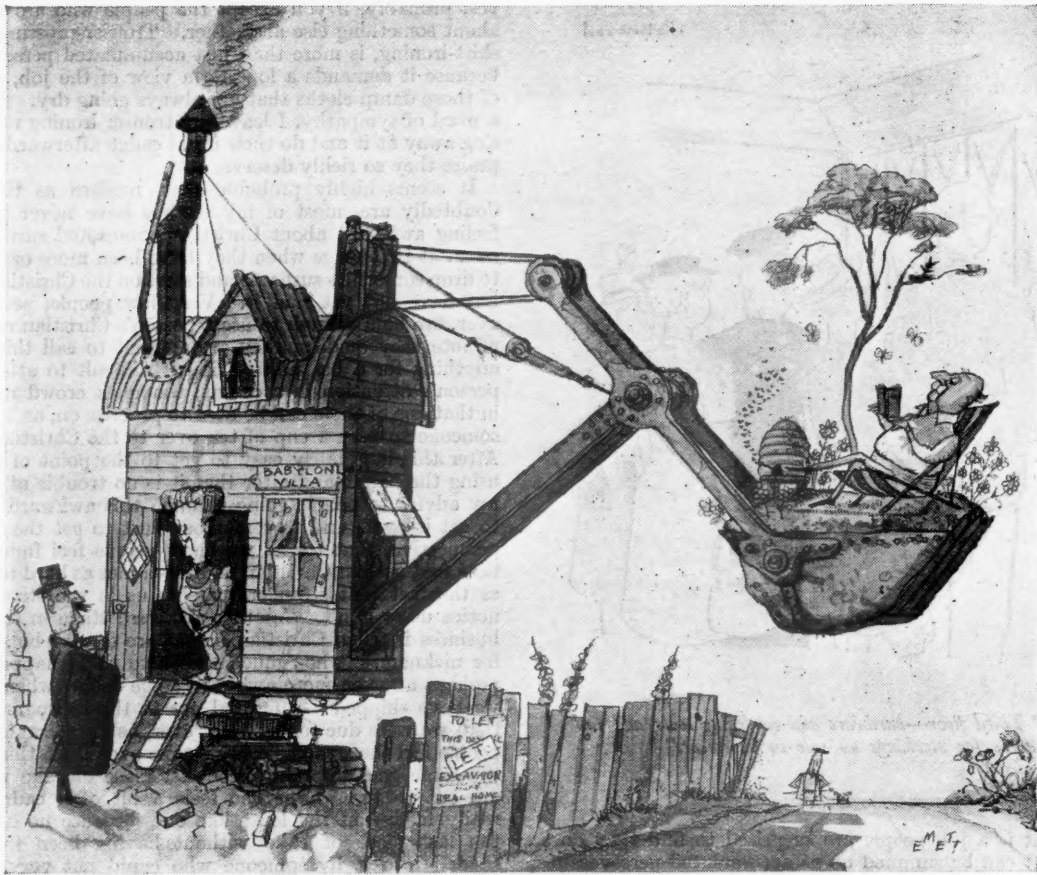
There will also be 1,500 Royal Navy personnel on board."

"South Wales Echo."

They think of everything.



"Then daddy will show you how he dug himself in."



"... If you care to step in a moment I'll just pop out and see if he's in the garden."

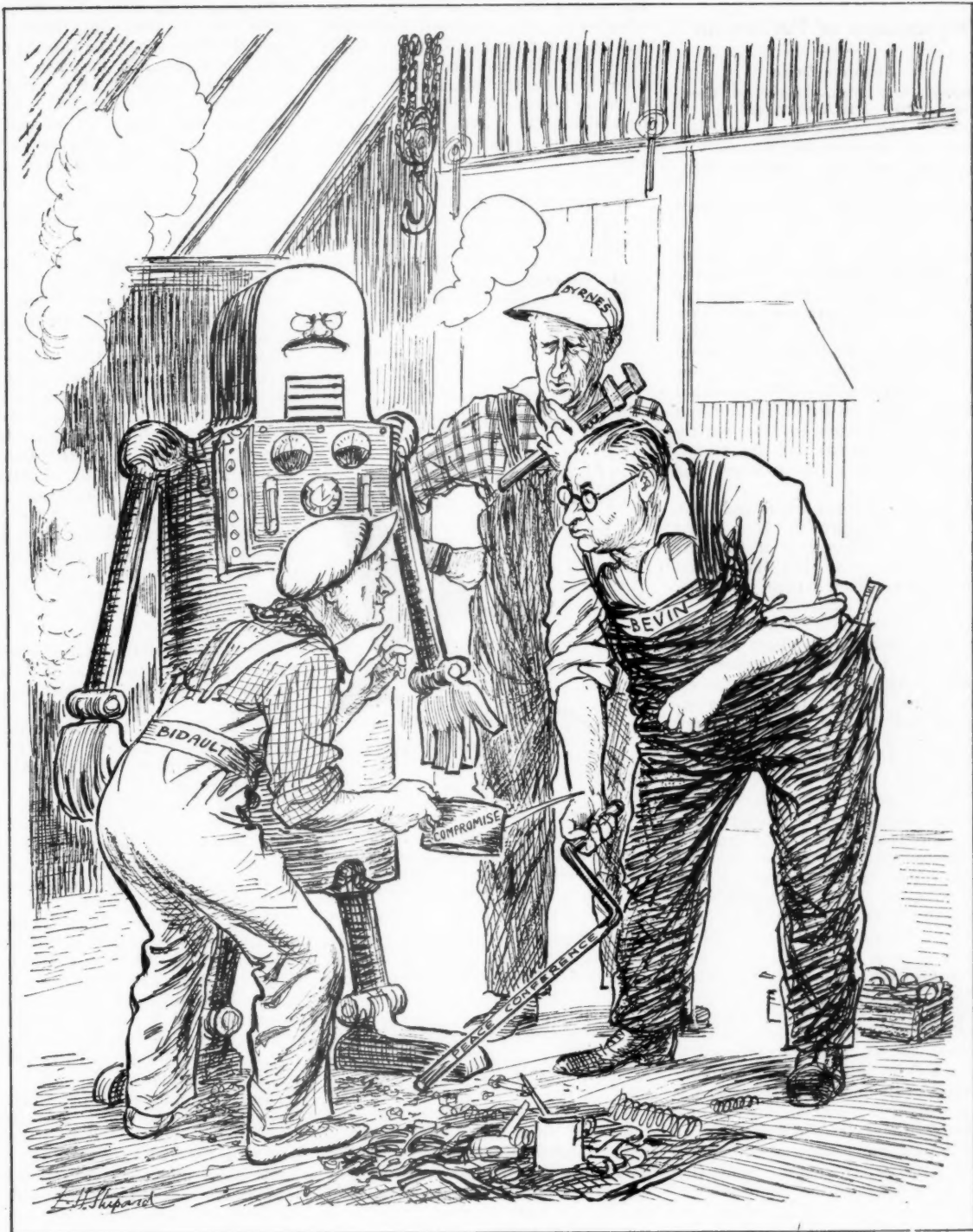
Chivalry 1946

KING ARTHUR sat at the council-table
 With his knights and advisers ranged around,
 And his helmet hung on a peg behind him
 And Excalibur stood in the umbrella-stand.
 The agenda lay on the table before him
 With minutes and motions and balance-sheet;
 But his eyes looked wistfully out of the window
 To towered Camelot.

He heard the noise of the street below him,
 The grinding of gears at the traffic-lights,
 The voice of the newsboy calling the headlines,
 The street musician fumbling for difficult notes.
 He heard the talk of the women going to their shopping,
 The laughter of children hurrying to work or play;
 But he thought of the lists and the coloured tiltyards
 And of deeds of errantry.

Sir Bedivere, always eager for business,
 Glanced at the clock on the mantelpiece
 With the arms of Britain and royal cipher
 "A.R.I." on the oaken case.
 Merlin and Galahad whispered together
 And nodded to Kay, the Seneschal,
 But he was trying some new parchment
 To see that his pen was full.

"We are not skilled," the king was speaking,
 "At nicely balancing profit and loss.
 Better are we on the high adventure
 Or at succouring damsels in distress.
 But if to-day our people require us
 To sit in an office and serve them here,
 Planning for homes and for full employment,
 We shall do as they desire."



THE "NO"-MAN

"I distinctly heard it say *yes* again."

Impressions of Parliament

Business Done

Monday, July 15th.—House of Commons: A Loan Is Announced.

Tuesday, July 16th.—House of Commons: A Debate on Broadcasting.

Wednesday, July 17th.—House of Commons: Dalton's Millions.

Thursday, July 18th.—House of Commons: Flour and Fury.

Monday, July 15th.—Many moons ago, there was quite a to-do in the House of Commons about a loan the United States Government was proposing to grant to Britain. Honourable Members grew passionate and voted against their Parties; Ministers grew still more passionate and announced that the whole future of Britain and the world depended on the speedy passing of a measure agreeing to the terms of the loan. The measure was passed.

To-day, amid some cheers and some sounds of disapproval, Mr. HUGH DALTON, the Chancellor of the Exchequer, announced that the United States Congress had, in turn, just given its assent to the loan.

Mr. NORMAN SMITH, who does not believe in loans, and whose look of agony when the British measure was passed all that time ago still brings tears to the eyes of the more sympathetic M.P.s, asked why the hurry in our case, the extreme leisure in that of the U.S.A. But Mr. DALTON couldn't say.

What he could (and did) say was that the action of the U.S. Government was generous and that it would make a big difference to our national financial affairs. We should, for instance, be able to order some foodstuffs that would bring some variety to our starch-ridden menu, and we should be able to spend a little more on petrol.

But, said the Chancellor, borrowing a phrase of Mr. WINSTON CHURCHILL's, the loan must be to Britain a spring-board and not a sofa. In other words, we must (as Mr. HERBERT MORRISON would say) go to it, in order to make the most of the loan. But that was for us to arrange—and meanwhile he "sincerely thanked" the U.S. Government for its generosity.

Mr. OLIVER STANLEY, from the Opposition Front Bench, expressed the view that the loan had saved Britain from economic chaos. He paused while some of his own side joined a few rebels on the Government side in shouting "No," and then sat down.

Mr. NORMAN SMITH, with the look of dumb suffering still in his eyes, beat

his chest a little and asked (in effect) whether a mess of tinned fruit-salad was to be set against Britain's birth-right. Mr. DALTON seemed about to refer him to the Minister of Food, when he apparently thought better of it, and left the question unanswered. Mr. SMITH slumped tragically in his seat.

Nothing discouraged, Mr. BEVERLEY BAXTER proclaimed the loan "the prelude to disaster" for Britain, and asked when the Chancellor proposed to "go into a huddle" for the sell-out of the Empire.

Remarking that the House did not



THIS IS CYMRU

"There is a widespread demand for a separate Welsh Broadcasting Corporation."
Lady Megan Lloyd George.

seem to be getting much farther on the subject, Mr. Speaker called on Mr. JOHN STRACHEY, the Minister of Food, to announce some concessions to housewives in the matter of the bread ration. This was that children are to be given an ounce a day more bread—which will indirectly benefit the housewife.

As money seemed to be the favourite topic of discussion, Mr. DALTON brought forward the Finance Bill for its Report Stage. There was a great deal of learned discussion on technical problems of taxation, which several of the Members seemed to follow. The Chancellor made a concession or two and everybody fell to beaming.

Very touching, it all was. Even Mr. NORMAN SMITH was seen to smile—a thought wintrily.

Tuesday, July 16th.—The House is never very far these days from what some Members call "The Bread Line." Bread is mentioned in most of the letters M.P.s get, and by most of the constituents they interview. Bread was also the subject of a petition, signed by 300,000 people, which was presented to the House of Commons to-day.

Apparently that number of people (at least) are opposed to bread-rationing, and a procession of uniformed messengers carried the parcels of signatures to the Table.

Mr. WILLIE GALLACHER, fifty per cent. of the Communist Party, proclaimed that the petition was "Tory propaganda"—a remark which seemed to console the Labour benches, but not the crowd of housewives in the gallery.

Mr. ERNEST BEVIN, the Foreign Secretary, was politely welcomed back from the Paris talks of the Foreign Ministers' Council by Mr. ANTHONY EDEN, and then Mr. SHINWELL, the Minister of Fuel, announced the first fruits of the American loan. These were not literally fruits, tinned or fresh (as the House had expected), but a little more petrol for the motorist. Fifty per cent. on the basic ration, to be precise.

The House, well drilled in the useful and graceful practice of being grateful for all mercies (great and small), cheered.

Mr. Speaker added a new proverb to Britain's already rich supply: "If you want to know when there's a division, ask a policeman."

Seemed that Mr. FRANK BOWLES and others had missed a division because they had believed a rumour that a division was "off" when in fact it was "on." So Mr. Speaker was asked to do something about it.

His advice was that Members should do what every other person in London does when in doubt—ask a policeman. After all, one more job added to the many duties of those tireless, good-humoured men is nothing to them.

The affairs of the British Broadcasting Corporation were the subject of the day's debate, in which Mr. HERBERT MORRISON (who seems to know everything about everything) spoke for the Government. His view was that the B.B.C. was doing well, but that it might do even better as time marched on. The debate (which, naturally, consisted entirely of "talks") had plenty of variety, too, but was somewhat lacking in drama or comedy. However, the B.B.C. men and women who crowded their special gallery, seemed to find it interesting. Perhaps that was tact.



"I forget what they're called, but our late king died from a surfeit of them."

Mr. BRENDAN BRACKEN, who, as war-time Minister of Information, had a good deal to do with the B.B.C. and the Press, did battle with Mr. MORRISON on the question of an inquiry into the Press. The Lord President seemed to suggest that there should be an inquiry into the proprietorial control of the newspapers, but Mr. BRACKEN saw in this the desire of a would-be dictator to get his own back for wounds to his vanity.

Wednesday, July 17th.—Sir HENRY MORRIS-JONES was the bearer of today's petition against bread-rationing, and he carried it to the Table amid the customary barrage of protests from the Government back-benches.

The Finance Bill engaged the attention of the House, and the Chancellor generously gave away a few million pounds to the taxpayer by way of purchase tax reductions.

And everybody went home happy.

Thursday, July 18th.—Not one, but many, petitions against bread-rationing were presented to-day, and the protests of the Government back-benchers against the assertion by the electors of this age-old right reached a new height.

But Mr. Speaker (whose knowledge and respect for history is perhaps

keener) rebuked the objectors and upheld the right of the petitioners to petition.

Scarcely had the rumpus died down than it arose again, more furiously than before. Major FREEMAN, from the Labour benches, complained, with his usual courtesy and good-temper, that someone had issued a poster alleging that all M.P.s who voted for bread-rationing were to be regarded as "public enemies and dictators." This, the Major suggested, was a breach of Parliament's privilege.

Mr. Speaker promptly ruled that there was, indeed, a *prima facie* case to go before the Committee of Privileges for consideration, and Mr. MORRISON formally moved, as Leader of the House, that the Committee be empowered to look into the matter.

Mr. CHURCHILL did not object to this action, but he did object—and pretty vigorously—to any implication that M.P.s were above criticism and that the electors were to be deprived of their right to say what they liked (or very nearly what they liked) about their elected representatives.

The Leader of the Opposition is not only the greatest debater, but the greatest baiter, in the Commons, and he soon had the Government back-

benches roaring with fury as he twitted them with being afraid of a few hard words. They must, said he, stand up and be men and not be frightened out of their wits. In due course Mr. CHURCHILL himself got heated up and spoke of a remark made by Mr. GALLACHER as "absolutely false and lying."

At which juncture (as they say) Mr. Speaker suggested that perhaps the whole thing had better go to the calmer and more judicial atmosphere of the Committee of Privileges.

But it was the storm before the storm, and (after a brief and friendly debate on India) the House returned to another aspect of bread. Mr. CHURCHILL, still in terrific form, moved the annulment of the order imposing bread-rationing.

Battle raged until Members on both sides were hoarse. Bitter things were said. But—in spite of appearances which, at times, seemed to suggest that more concrete things would fly through the air—only taunts were flung. Some were barbed, some had many spikes, but in Parliament as in the outside world, hard words break no bones.

Nor do they influence any votes, as the result showed. Anyway, everybody had his or her say, and that, after all, is what Parliament is for.



"I've studied the pros and cons of bread-rationing and I don't agree with either."

I Dare You, Mr. Cooper!

OF the many scenes I have learned to love in motion-pictures, none fills me with a warmer glow than the dear old Bag-Packing sequence. Theme songs may come and go, bosoms rise and fall—I couldn't care less. But once let me see some clean-limbed college boy flick open an outside cabin-trunk and lower the first half-dozen custom-tailored suitings into the hold and I lean forward in my seat, settle the hat of the lady in front more comfortably on her head and indulge in a little genuine hero-worship.

Can we ordinary people ever hope to be able to pack with the same insolent ease? I doubt it. In fact, after watching Mr. Gary Cooper toss a few things into a trunk at the local cinema last night, I'd go so far as to say a categorical "No." Never have I seen the job done better. Cooper's handling of the underwear is magnificent. In the time you or I would take to decide which sock to pack, he has stowed away twenty-five Cellophane-wrapped shirts and is already reaching for the silk cravats. Never a moment's hesitation here; not a jammed drawer or a frayed collar in the whole sequence. A first-class show.

Without wishing to belittle Mr.

Cooper's performance I must say I'd like to direct him in the same sort of scene—using my suit-case and my chest of drawers. To begin with, I'd place my camera fairly close to him as he reached up to the top of the cupboard to get the suit-case, bringing the usual two jars of home-made marmalade with it. What an opportunity here for the taut, restrained acting in which the man excels!

For the actual opening of my suit-case I would move the camera away to the opposite side of the room. There is, I believe, a natural reluctance among film directors to dwell on details of physical injury, and I am quite prepared to string along with them in this matter. I think I would get my effect equally well by letting the audience hear the quickening tap-tap of the chisel against the lock, followed by a quick shot of Cooper's hand reaching for the first-aid box. There would of course be nothing in the script to tell him that my suit-case is best approached from the soft underbelly, where the hinges were.

In order to keep this scene down to a reasonable length I would at this point probably have to resort to what is known as a "montage sequence." As Cooper applies a rough tourniquet to

his gashed wrist there is a burst of celestial music, and we flash back to his boyhood and the events which led to his becoming involved with my suit-case in the first place.

Cooper must now work fast. Not only has he got to get my suit-case open before I return with my camera crew, but he must also find some suitable cache for its payload of old tennis-shoes and pieces of grandfather clock. The last thing I want to do is lug all that heavy equipment back to my bedroom to find him guiltily trying to stuff a length of mainspring into his trousers pocket.

Let us assume that Cooper has mastered these two problems. All right. Now we come to the supreme test of the man. Can he, in the few thousand feet of film still to be exposed, conjure enough clothes from my chest of drawers to see him through a long week-end in Saratoga?

This should be interesting. He opens the top drawer. It yields one fully-fashioned Army shirt and a doll's nightdress. We hear the strangled sob as he thrusts them back and barks his knuckles on a toy signal-box. He tries the middle drawer. One side opens a few inches, causing the other to retract a similar distance into the fuselage. The whole then seizes up solid. We cut to a close shot of a small but highly important pulse throbbing in the Cooper temple. The bottom drawer opens at the third pull to reveal three chintz chair-covers and an Eton collar.

Here I may have to bring in the celestial music again and give Cooper a chance to steady down. This will also enable me, as director of the picture, to go into a huddle with my producer, for I am now well behind on my shooting schedule and overheads are mounting. There is only one thing to do: I call a conference of scenario-writers and commission them to write into the script a part for a lady psychiatrist, somebody along the lines of Miss Bergman. Then I nip back to my bedroom and take a quick look at Mr. Cooper. Frankly he's in pretty bad shape. His breathing is laboured and the tiniest split is beginning to show in his personality. To make matters worse, my suit-case has somehow contrived to snap itself shut. I give our lady psychiatrist an encouraging pat as she rustles past me into the room.

And not a moment too soon. Mr. Cooper has torn the middle drawer open with his own hands and is sobbing hysterically over its contents—one knee-length woollen vest.

Decent of him to turn it out for me. I'll be wanting it for my summer holiday.

A Quiz to End Quizzes

WHICH came first—the green-fly or the rose?

What is the difference between High Water and High Tide?

Explain the following terms, which you read every year in that new diary: Epact, Golden Number, Dominical Letter, Solar Cycle.

What exactly do you mean by:

Black Market,
Capitalism,
Monopoly Capitalism,
Socialism,
Monopoly Socialism,
Reactionary,
Pressurization,
Greenwich Mean Time,
A spring tide,
A "birdie,"
Marathon,
Epic?

What was Shakespeare doing at the time of the Armada?

When Members of the House of Commons cross the Bar of the House, they bow to the Chair. When the Speaker crosses the Bar at the beginning of the day, he bows. Who does he bow to?

Tell us a few things about the Kellogg Pact, Locarno, the Atlantic Charter, Yalta.

Have you the faintest idea:

- What the Crimean War was about?
- Who was Prime Minister at the time of Waterloo?
- Why they have taken a year to bring Eros back?
- How you are going to get a taxi?
- How fast a Derby winner goes?
- Why the sailors call Portsmouth "Pompey"?
- Why the Jews have to get out of Europe now Hitler is no more?

Can you ever remember:

- Which is St. Martin's Lane and which is Charing Cross Road?
- Which are the Republicans and which the Democrats?
- What is the difference between the Lord Chamberlain and the Lord Great Chamberlain?
- Which twinkles—a planet or a star?
- Your size in boots?
- What you did with the tickets?

How do you pronounce:

Pontefract, Aneurin (Bevan),
Mihailovitch, Sayajirao, August,
Augustus, davits, Arnos (Grove),
capitalist.

How much do you know about the Gulf Stream? Does it matter?

What is the meaning of *inst.*—and why?

Unrra is—a toothpaste? a lake? a 'cellist? a Hungarian statesman? a race-horse?

Where is my stud?

Who wrote a poem beginning:

"Personnel of the lower income-groups,
Suffering from malnutrition..."

What is the Russian for "No"? Is there a word for "Yes"?

How much do you reckon your hat has cost you in tips?

Can you explain why you have never been to the Lakes, Stratford-on-Avon, Gretna Green, the Science Museum?

UNESCO is a juggler? a restaurant in Buda Pest? an oil-barge? a spelling-game? a Greek verb?

A sundial is next to a very good clock. How often will they tell the same time? What will be the greatest difference between them?

Why don't we get any salad oil?

If it takes 15 men 11 days to remove 89 tons of rubble, and after 8 days two fall sick and there are still 37 tons to remove, could you care less?

What—and why—do you mean by "three sheets in the wind", "half seas over", "one over the eight"?

Is the photograph on your passport at all like you? If not, why not be done again?

Where can they be putting all the petrol?

Who invented (a) the cross-word puzzle, (b) the football pool?

Where were you on the night of the Hammersmith robbery?

Have you read a word of Sir Walter Scott, Jane Austen, Turgenev, Balzac, the Beveridge Report?

Can you imagine why people still go about in 8-oared boats?

Have you ever been asked a question in a Gallup Poll?

Do you approve of Shakespeare, Machiavelli, Tchaikovsky, Mr. Shinwell, Happy Knight?

Bu is—a Malay King? a French verb? a disinfectant?

What is: fog, cloud, hail, snow, a smell, bureaucracy?

Suppose you were lost in the Sahara with the entire Cabinet, which would you give your last drop of water to (if any)?

Where is the Prime Meridian? And what is he paid?

Why don't they raise the Judges' salaries? When did they last get a rise?

Rattle off, without a pause, the names of the Twenty-one Nations who won the war?

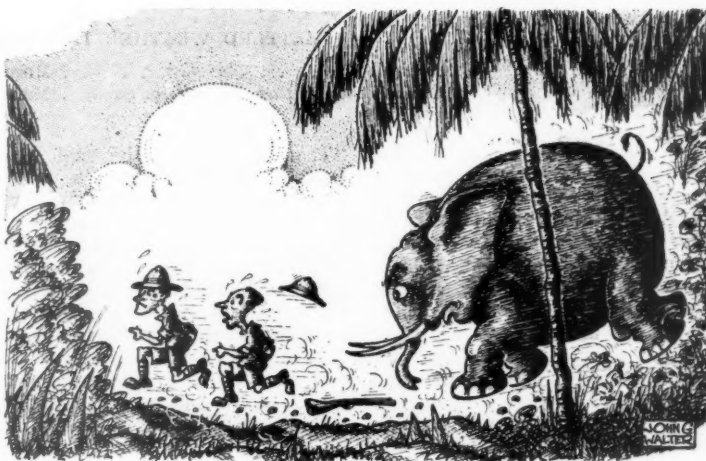
What would you have done if you had been Othello?

How much have you saved in the last six months?

What do you get? How much do you want?

Why do so many people spend so much time asking silly questions?

A. P. H.



"Isn't this where we take a thorn out of his foot or something?"

At the Play

"BIG BEN" (ADELPHI)

"Do you remember the good old days?" sing a Primrose peer and a Tory publican, and go on to glory in a past when it was not the fashion to tamper with the solid splendours of English life, until the Cabinet, with whom, from the Prime Minister downwards, the stalls were liberally sprinkled on the first night, began to sit up a trifle stiffly; but not really stiffly, for they knew the proven independence of the doughty Burgess for Oxford University. And sure enough, no sooner had the mists of reaction settled on the stage than they were blown aside by a vocal gentleman in a red shirt who brushed up our social history for us in a forceful and uncomfortable way. It is in this excellent spirit of impartiality that A. P. H., ably assisted by Mr. VIVIAN ELLIS, who wrote the music, conducts an operative election which should be a model for future contests, not only because the candidates announce their intentions in delightful song, but also because nearly all of them get in. The bitter taunts, moreover, which get flung about in even the nicest of elections are soon forgotten in a grand alliance to overthrow the insidious, the revolting, the unspeakable Mrs. Busy, who has somehow crept into Westminster up the ugly plank of Prohibition. Even she, for this is a happy evening, is reconverted to the joys of strong drink after a ducking in the Thames, but not before she has affronted the decent feelings of the House with a Bill to make Britain dry. This scene, in the Chamber itself, is very ingeniously put on, the peculiar atmosphere of a restive Commons, rather like a prep school out of hand in a chapel, being admirably captured.

With Mr. C. B. COCHRAN's genius behind it the show is, not surprisingly, rich in spectacle. There is a mannequin parade of lovely dresses (for export, naturally) which is magnificently invaded by the watermen from His Majesty's barge, carrying cream and scarlet oars; and a riverside pub to

which an open-air meeting brings a splendid dash of London colour; and at the end Big Ben's glowing face looks down serenely on the misty beauty of night in Parliament Square. Décor and dresses are the work of a long and distinguished team. Both lyrics and tunes show welcome variety. "London Town," delivered by the watermen with a roar like a Thames gale, is a grand song. "Wheels of the World" is a workers' anthem with a drive which suggests that all the dynamos and presses in the country are behind it. And on the quieter side

production by Mr. COCHRAN, whom A. P. H. described as "the grand old man of the English theatre," and a great occasion was marred by his absence through illness.

Oddly enough, Big Ben, when it spoke, did so in a strange tongue. Can it be that this sturdy hub of Empire is the Great Uncannable? If it is, then I lift my hat to it with even more devotion and respect.

"SUMMER AT NOHANT" (LYRIC, HAMMERSMITH)

IN spite of the comfort in which George Sand appears to have maintained her protégés and of the fact that they had access to a cigar-box of quite unusual dimensions, I do not believe any of them would have tolerated her hospitality for five minutes if the conversation at Nohant was not brighter than Mr. JAROSLAV IWASZKIEWICZ suggests. Nor do I believe that George Sand herself could have imposed her personality on Europe if she had really been in the habit of talking such solemn nonsense about "We writers" and "My creative impulses," and the like. This picture of a middle-aged *poseuse* striding about in trousers igniting enormous havanas and making jejeune remarks about the sanctity of her work is something out of the gummiest side of Hollywood; it cannot be more than a very superficial one of a woman with George Sand's record both in life and letters. The outlines are no doubt true enough, the cool, calculating character, the male attitude to love, the

maternal instinct strong even to the point of sublimating passion in a steady stream of beef-tea, and the conviction that the children, whom she has dominated, spoilt and ignored at will, have enjoyed to a rare degree the benefits of a mother's tender care; but the author has failed to fill them in so as to suggest strength either of mind or attraction, and Miss LALLY BOWERS, though she plays the part gracefully, does so in terms of the misunderstood heroine of a seaside feuilleton.

Where the curious situation in the house at Nohant needed satire to reveal it in all its absurdity, it has been taken quite seriously, and too much of the



UNSETTLED WEATHER IN NOHANT

Solange MISS RENE RAY
Baroness Aurore Dudevant (George Sand) . MISS LALLY BOWERS

"There's a Lot to be said for the Lords," and "The Poodle and the Pug" take one back in wit and rhythm to the Savoy. There is not a great deal of dancing, but Miss WENDY TOYE has here and there introduced small items of ballet with good effect. Of the large cast one need not say more than that it is trained to the last inch and that the leads have voices which really are voices without benefit of mike. Miss CAROLE LYNNE, Miss GABRIELLE BRUNE, and Miss JOAN YOUNG know all the niceties of their job, and so do Mr. TREFOR JONES, Mr. ERIC FORT, Mr. DAVID DAVIES and Mr. ERIC PALMER. This was the hundred and twenty-fifth



"Ah, now THIS is that lovely thing we heard at Waterloo Station."

play is taken up with the trivial account of amorous intrigues. For more than half of it *Chopin* tirelessly hammers out immortal rhythms in a sort of oubliette-cum-soup-bar on the left, before appearing, a petulant and affected ass, to quarrel about a chicken-bone and behave with monstrous ingratitude; *Solange*, *George's* daughter, treats us to showy explosions of bad manners and petty temperament; and otherwise our entertainment is limited to observing the boyish goings-on of *George's* son and of those of her ex-lovers at the moment on the establishment. It is not enough. Much the best scene is the last, when *Chopin*, having stormed out of the house with a mountain of luggage, rushes back to the piano to record an elusive sequence at last captured, and the whole party creeps silently in to listen with astonishment. It is a magnificent situation, but surely we should have been allowed to laugh as, heaven knows, we wanted to?

Miss RENE RAY animates *Solange*, but might have made her more interesting. The same is true of Mr. DONALD ECCLES, though his *Chopin* appears to be what was intended. Mr.

MEINHART MAUR's brief but powerful sketch of feudal loyalty as the Pole is admirable.

"DOCTOR FAUSTUS"
(STRATFORD-UPON-AVON)

Fiends abound at this season. Last week we saw Don Juan putting BERNARD SHAW's urbane, prosperous Devil in his place, this week *Faustus* going down for the count before the much more rank-conscious Devil of Marlowe, a stiff-necked brute with a wingspan which would turn a harassed Minister of Civil Aviation green with envy. These are two very different glimpses of infernal administration, and the second, though it begins and ends with a surge of magnificent poetry, has some terribly uneven country in between. It was the getting of *Faustus's* omnipotence and the penalty to be exacted for it in which Marlowe was interested; the twenty-four years in which *Faustus* wielded his powers obviously bored his author until he allowed himself or others to fill them in with rather easy conjuring tricks. Bridging this Maskelyne period in *Faustus's* career is the producer's main headache, and Mr. WALTER HUDD has

gone out for spectacle with the very able help of Miss RIETTE STURGE-MOORE, whose jabberwocky diabolicals have the vacant, timeless horror of creatures issuing from the chilly bowels of the moon. One wonders how long it will be before Mr. Disney lures her away, for she is right up the macabre side of his street. Her Seven Deadly Sins are particularly good, *Gluttony* sounding, and, I cannot but think looking, exactly like Lovely Grub in *Itma*; but it seemed to me a pity that her ebony-finished *Beelzebub* should be so much more exciting than *Lucifer* himself.

The production is less successful in the more vital parts of the play. Mr. ROBERT HARRIS's *Faustus* is altogether too pleasant a fellow, too little the soul-racked metaphysician, and though he speaks verse well he brings to the play's swelling climax neither enough change nor enough passion. But it is the producer's fault, not his, that the final descent of *Faustus* loses force by taking place in the vasty hinterland of the Stratford stage.

As *Mephistophilis* Mr. HUGH GRIF-FITH is excellent, a sad and most subtle Chief of Staff. ERIC.



G. B. S.

This impression of Mr. Bernard Shaw, whom we salute on his ninetieth birthday, was drawn for *Punch* in 1925 by the late Sir Bernard Partridge, who played in the first performance of "Arms and the Man" in 1894.

Our Booking-Office

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks)

Birthday Book

Mr. S. WINSTEN, a neighbour of Bernard Shaw at Ayot St. Lawrence, has collected a number of tributes to Mr. Shaw on the occasion of his ninetieth birthday. "None of us are normally given to adulatory tribute," he writes in the Editorial Note to *G. B. S. 90* (HUTCHINSON, 21/-); so he has presumably done some violence to his instincts in his introduction, which ends with: "Can it be that the plays which now lead us through laughter will one day lead us through tears? That would be the greatest tribute of all: that you brought art back to its original religious function and it gave satisfaction to the soul." There is, however, much of interest in this symposium of opinions on one of the most extraordinary figures in modern literature. Mr. M. J. MacManus gives a vivid picture of Bernard Shaw's childhood and youth in Dublin. Dr. Joad provides an excellent analysis of the Shavian philosophy of Creative Evolution. Mr. James Bridie carries out an illuminating comparison between the dramatic work of Molière and Shaw; however surprising, in most of its aspects, one may find his view that Dickens is superior, and Shakespeare inferior, to Shaw and Molière in the

creation of characters. Alderman Emil Davies deals with Shaw's work in local government; Mr. Gabriel Pascal is pleasantly autobiographical in his account of Shaw as a scenario-writer; Professor Bernal exonerates Shaw from the charge of being a mystic, and Dean Inge believes that he is not far from the Kingdom of God. H. K.

Those Charms are Past.

Spring Sowing (METHUEN, 12/6) celebrates a village boy who rose and a village that decayed—both fairly common phenomena of the last fifty years. In so far as the book continues to tell the story of Heathley, it is a sequel to Mr. MICHAEL HOME'S *Autumn Fields*. But he is its hero and Heathley is his background. He has not, you feel, quite made up his mind whether the social structure of his youth was worth reconditioning or whether a wholly new edifice was indicated. He is decisive on one point: that when artificials came in, with "no bullocks, no muck, no crops," the English village was doomed. Heathley was ruined, and to-day he cannot bear to look at it. His own chances in life were such as the eighteenth century might have bestowed. A local aristocrat gave him enough Latin in six months to win a scholarship; and he proceeded to "Ouseland" Grammar School, where his hob-nails and his success in teaching his school-mates to play marbles were definitely against him. Speaking of the leisureless days of his youth, he regrets the men they made, men for whom work and a little poaching sufficed, men who when 1914-18 saw them special constables were so happily enabled to get a little bit of their own back among the squire's covers.

H. P. E.

The Sailor's Wooing

Very entertaining, very light, very nostalgic for those who can remember the last quarter of the latest century, *Aston Kings* (CHATTO AND WINDUS, 8/6), Mr. HUMPHREY PAKINGTON's new novel, purports to be a witty and slightly wicked picture of the goings-on of the family of Canon Wargrave, their neighbours and servants, but actually it is the simple and charming story of a lass that loved a sailor. Luckily, John Markham, the sailor in question, loved the lass, Kate Wargrave, quite as devotedly as she loved him, but the affair began when the pair were so young that it would hardly have done to inform their parents and guardians, in fact so young that they did not inform each other for about ten years: but the sailor was faithful and the lass determined. With skill she steered him away from a match-making matron who sought to take advantage of his simplicity, with guile she gave him the chance to correspond with her from any of the seven seas to which duty might take him, and with joy and a great deal of laughter they fell into each other's arms at exactly the right moment. So Mr. PAKINGTON makes the best of both worlds, gives us a delightful love-story, as fresh as a rose and as true to life, and yet pokes any amount of fun, not only at the lovers but at all the huge circle of friends, relations and retainers who find a centre in that fine Severnshire country house Aston Kings. B. E. S.

Dehydrated History

Condensation is the order of the day. After *Dynamic Europe*, by C. F. STRONG—a summary of European history from the age of Pericles to the present day—comes *Europe* (HOLLIS AND CARTER, 18/-), by Dr. C. A. ALINGTON, former Headmaster of Eton and now Dean of Durham, which sets out to give the reader a somewhat similar conspectus. The author explains that, being constitutionally unable to

remember dates, he has always found it difficult to see his way clearly through the Great Histories, which give so many details of so many different countries that the average reader is apt to suffer from a sort of indigestion. So he pleads, with Goldsmith, that he "writes not to add to historical knowledge but to contract it." In his "personal survey," as he calls it, he takes a century or so at a time and deals with what was happening in different parts of Europe during that period. It is not all easy reading, but Dr. ALINGTON lightens the burden with a profusion of foot-notes. The reader looking for instruction will find plenty of assistance—Genealogical Tables, Lists of Popes, Kings, Emperors, grouped in chronological order, and maps of Europe at different periods in her eventful history. L. W.

A Captive Elephant

In *Ambassador in Bonds* (PUTNAM, 17/6) Sir LANCELOT OLIPHANT gives an interesting and straightforward account of his captivity in Germany in the earlier part of the war. He went to Belgium as our Ambassador in November 1939; on May 10th, 1940, the Germans attacked the Low Countries, and on May 16th Sir LANCELOT OLIPHANT left Brussels for Ostend, with the few members of his staff not already evacuated. His description of his confused Odyssey during the following fortnight gives a faithful impression of the prevailing chaos. On reaching Fort Mahon, near the mouth of the Somme, he heard that there was an Anglo-French force in the Forest of Crécy which would assuredly throw back the advancing Germans. But the Germans continued to advance, and Sir LANCELOT, "hungry and cold, with my clothes saturated from the night's downpour," decided to surrender, rightly feeling that "it would be entirely wrong for one of His Majesty's Ambassadors to be found hiding under a juniper bush when the dunes were combed." The Germans interned him for sixteen months, in contravention of the immemorial principle of diplomatic immunity. But though the Gestapo had no conscience in the matter, and appears to have hoped, in a vague way, that the possession of an English Ambassador would yield them valuable results, Sir LANCELOT does not complain of his personal treatment, and seems to have been approached with proper respect by the various German officials, for whom he finds such nicknames as Tom Thumb, Pickwick and Young Woodley.

H. K.

Tight Lines and Bright Lenses

Having opened his career briskly by hooking his nurse between the eyes with a worm, Major ANTHONY BUXTON then narrowed his choice of victim and went on joyously to fish rivers as far apart as Hampshire and the Caucasus. The small squirmings of jealousy which may disturb the saintly hearts of other anglers who read the story of his adventures in *Fisherman Naturalist* (COLLINS, 10/6) will quickly be swamped in gratitude that the recipient of so much good fortune should be able to write about it with such grace and humour. He ranks the Driffield Beck as the hardest of our own streams and the French easily first in angling skill. A great believer in the nymph, he is far from being a purist (though surprisingly there is no mention of the gallant Norfolk pike which are his near neighbours); he holds that the choice of dry or wet fly should depend on conditions and not on the name of the river, he has killed sea-trout on dry fly with much success both in Scotland and Norway, and his landing-net for fish up to two pounds has long been a terrier. But he finds as much sport in a movie-camera as a rod, and this book contains fascinating close-up photographs of the birds which

nest round his home at Horsey Mere (just made over as a Nature reserve to the National Trust) and of otters and deer he has "bagged." Major BUXTON is the sort of naturalist, the best sort, who steers triumphantly between the extremes of sentiment and science, and for whom wild creatures are completely integrated personalities. His account of the behaviour of birds in their more intimate domestic moments is correspondingly entertaining.

E. O. D. K.

Taking an Interest

The title of Mr. ROY C. COLE's book, *We Built a House* (JOHN GIFFORD, 7/6), suggests a greater adventure than was undertaken by the author, his wife and their friend, Egbert, but, as we read it, we understand that to order a house to be built is (and was even in 1938) a reckless thing to do unless one has the knowledge to anticipate the wiles of builders and suppliers, and courage to insist on all work being done according to plan. The book describes the building of a four-bedroomed, brick-walled house with a tiled roof and "No fake ornaments, no nonsensical pseudo-period or over-sophisticated twenty-first century about it." It took four months to build, and the author did his own supervising after the architect had made plans and detailed working drawings. The benefit of his experience should be useful to those who do not know the difference between hand-thrown and wirecut bricks, Stretcher and Flemish bond, and tiles that will take weathering and resist it. His courage is an example to all. The book is conversationally written, lets one into the secrets that rule septic tanks, damp-courses and central heating, is never pretentious and teaches innocents the A B C (at least) of a rather complicated language.

B. E. B.



"Memo from head office—The customer is always right with effect from the 15th."



"Marvellous evening—met B.—show—supper—dance—asked marry—under consideration—writing."

Hospitality à la Mode

YOU tell me you're coming to see us,
My own Araminta, to-night:
If Bacchus, *ex machina deus*,
Will deliver some liquor, all right.
But if we're obliged to make merry
On what's in my cupboard, well, then
I implore, when I offer you sherry,
My own Araminta, say "When!"

Time was when my man in St. James's
Would offer me liquor galore;
Now one of his principal aims is
To keep me away from his door.
I can't make him budge an iota
Though I threaten his life with a Bren;
A bottle a month is my quota—
My own Araminta, say "When!"

You may throw all my jam in the gutter,
You may blue all my points on a spread,
You may take all my sugar and butter
And all my nine ounces of bread;

You may offer my sweets to the vicar,
You may swear by the shade of Sir Ben,
But when you are offered my liquor,
My own Araminta, say "When!"

There is beer—it is long since I mocked ale;
There is gin—just a couple of nips;
There's a highly inflammable cocktail,
Rightly known as the Five Orange Pips;
There's some brandy left spare from VJ Day
(You'll see why if you drink and count ten):
If you want to behave like a lady,
My own Araminta, say "When!"

Don't wink and suggest that I'm storing
My bins from Black Market supplies;
Don't pretend not to know when I'm pouring
And then give a yelp of surprise;
Don't say what the sausages smell like
And expect to be asked here again;
And let me repeat in your shell-like:
My own Araminta, say "When!" B. E. F.

"What . . . Daddy?"

"THE time has come," said Jenkins, holding his glass against the light and examining the amber liquid—"the time has come to prepare a convincing story for when our children (and grandchildren) ask us, in piping tones, What did you do in the Greater War?"

Jenkins has no children (or grandchildren) at the moment to ask him anything, in piping tones or otherwise. But Jenkins was always one for looking ahead.

"Mine," said Jenkins, calling the waiter—"mine was a hush-hush job."

I settled back in my arm-chair as the waiter brought two more.

When they asked me to be a Coupon Counter, Jenkins' tale started, I said "It all depends." Depends on what? they asked. "Well," I said. "Is it against Hitler?" They said it was, in a way. "Which way?" I said. "It must be either for or against. And I'm against Hitler." They didn't seem too sure about it and looked at me hard until I explained I'd joined the United Nations.

I said, "What exactly is this job? Do I have to work or anything? What is a Coupon Counter?" They explained a Coupon Counter was someone who counted coupons. "I used to go in for them myself once," I said. "Three home, two away and nothing to draw." They said I was mistaken. It was Clothing Coupons they wanted me to count. I said I was sorry I couldn't take the job. My wife had used all my coupons. They explained it wasn't my coupons they wanted me to count. It was everybody else's. "Why can't everybody count their own coupons?" I said. "Don't people know there's a war on?" They explained there were thousands and thousands of 'em. They wanted them counted correctly. "And do you think they would be correct if I counted 'em, thousands and thousands of them?" I asked.

The waiter brought another couple of drinks.

Then, said Jenkins, they said they were assuming I *could* count. "Of course I can count," I said. "What do you think I went to night-school for fifteen years for?" They said they didn't know. I said I didn't want to argue. I never wanted to be a Coupon Counter, I'd much rather be a Commando. They said they had nothing against Commandos. In fact they regarded the Commandos with the

highest esteem. So they urged me to be a Coupon Counter. "All right," I said, "but what about the wages?" They asked me what I thought I was worth. "Never mind about that," I said sharply. "What are you going to pay me—five pounds a week and perks?" Perks? they asked. "Well," I said, "I suppose a Coupon Counter who counts a few over can collar a couple occasionally?" But they shook their heads and said the Board of Trade would be very annoyed. "What's the Board of Trade got to do with me counting coupons?" I asked. They told me I would be working for the Board of Trade. "Is it on our side?" I asked. They said they supposed so. "Very well," I said. "I'm not a particular sort of chap. I once used to work for a sharepusher, so I can't be too squeamish. I'll join the Board of Trade. But what does the Board of Trade do with all the coupons?" Burn them, they said. "What?" I said. "Am I going to count these coupons, thousands and thousands of them, for the Board of Trade to burn?" That's right, they said. "But what's the use of counting them if the Board of Trade is going to burn them?" I demanded warmly. That's why you're counting them, they said, so the Board of Trade will know how many they're burning. "Whose side did you say the Board of Trade was on?" I said—"Hitler's?"

The waiter brought a couple more.

They told me to report at eight o'clock the following morning, said Jenkins, with a sharp pair of scissors. "Eight o'clock in the morning! Night work?" I said. "And what do I want the scissors for?" They said to cut the coupons. "I thought I was a Coupon Counter," I said, "not a Coupon Cutter." Some of the coupons have to be cut, they said. "I cut the coupons and I count the coupons?" I said. "And then the Board of Trade is going to burn them when I've finished?" Yes, they said. "All right," I replied. "I only wanted to know." When I went home and told my wife she was very upset and said she had been a respectable woman up to now. She never thought she'd be married to one of these unconvincing servants. I explained I was not actually in the Government. "I'm working for the Board of Trade," I said. "It's against Hitler." At length she became calmer, but warned me to keep myself to myself. I don't like to think of you getting into bad company, she added.

The waiter appeared with the usual.

Next morning I turned up bright and early, said Jenkins, and was shown into a building containing thousands and thousands of rooms. In these rooms were thousands and thousands of sacks. In these sacks were thousands and thousands of envelopes. And in these envelopes were thousands and thousands of coupons. This is what you've got to count, they said, and if you feel tired remember you're winning the war. "I'm not greedy," I said. "I didn't want to win the war on my own. Let someone else have a chance." Soon I was up to my neck in coupons, clothed in coupons, as you might say, when they opened the door and stood watching. Presently they asked me how far I was up to. "Thirteen, fourteen, fifteen," I said. Thirteen, fourteen, fifteen? they repeated. You've been here for three hours and you're only up to thirteen, fourteen, fifteen? "Yes," I said. "I was up to five million, nine hundred and sixty-seven thousand, three hundred and twenty-seven until you put your silly face round the door and made me lose count."

The waiter brought something similar.

I had words with the Board of Trade, said Jenkins with a sigh. Nasty words. Words that hung in the air like parachute flares. The Board of Trade said they would report me to the Chief Boarder. When they had gone I carried thousands and thousands of coupons into the yard. I piled them up. Then I put a match to them. The Board of Trade came tearing out. What on earth are you doing? they shouted. "I'm burning 'em," I said. Burning 'em? they roared. "Yes," I said. "I've cut 'em and I've counted 'em and now I'm burning 'em."

The waiter did the necessary.

They were livid. Yes, said Jenkins, the Board of Trade was livid. Do you know how many coupons you have burned? they bellowed. "Yes," I said. "Thousands and thousands of 'em."

The waiter pointed to the clock and shook his head.

"And that," said Jenkins, "that is one of the things I did in the Greater War. Afterwards of course I was in the Special Branch, unmasking female spies. Did I ever tell you of the blonde, Olga Getoffski, who—?"

The waiter turned us out.

Candidate

THE political party of which Sympson is such a distinguished ornament was defeated in Munton-on-Sea at the General Election, and we have been looking for a prospective candidate. By subterfuge Sympson got himself recommended to the selection committee of the local executive, who then immediately sent an urgent telegram to Central Office in London to rush down a batch of rival candidates for the candidature, so that the chances of their having to choose Sympson would be as remote as possible.

Sympson seemed to take it for granted that he was the only possible choice, and he concentrated all his thoughts on winning back the seat at the next General Election. "We should have quite a good chance," he said. "In the old days I suppose our Party represented the Haves and the other Party the Have-nots, but since the Haves have become the Hads and the Have-nots have become the Have-nows the whole situation has become more fluid."

When I called on him one evening and found him ironing his tie and trying to find a clean collar I guessed that he was about to set out to be interviewed by the selection committee.

"But it's a pure formality," he said, "other things being equal they are bound to choose me. It's so much better to have a local man who knows the neighbourhood."

I pointed out that Sympson had only lived in Munton-on-Sea for three months, but he said he intended to gloss over the shortness of his residence, and as he had visited Munton-on-Sea for a week-end in 1936 he thought it would be fair to hint that he had known the place for ten years.

The committee met at the house of the chairman, and the candidates for candidature were parked in the drawing-room until required. Sympson was the last to arrive, and found five others already assembled. Two had Anthony Eden moustaches and little black hats perched on their knees, while two others smoked cheroots and tried to look as much like bull-dogs as their highly-nervous condition permitted. The fifth was a nondescript man who was reading a battered copy of Mrs. Henry Wood's *East Lynne*.

"Ah!" said Sympson, giggling nervously and trying to appear calm and collected, "rather like a dentist's waiting-room, isn't it?"

"You're the fifth man who has made that joke when he came in," said one of the Churchills rather nastily, "and you would have been the sixth, but as I was the first to arrive I had nobody to whom to make it."

There was rather a deadly silence, broken only by the sound of the *East Lynne* man turning over a page, and then Sympson came out with his remark about the Haves now being

the Hads, hoping to raise a laugh and ease the tension. It only seemed to deepen the gloom. The Churchills seemed borne down by the weight of Empire and the difficulty of making the cheroots last until the secretary came to fetch them, when they wanted to throw them away with a careless gesture. The Edens seemed to be broodingly wondering if it were worth while learning to speak Russian. The *East Lynne* man had reached the death of little William and was sobbing audibly.

Presently a Churchill was summoned, then an Eden, then another Churchill, then *East Lynne*, then another Eden, and then Sympson. They asked him a lot of questions to which he did not know the answers, and he came away too flurried to remember much about what happened, although he thinks that when asked how he would increase the supply of bricks he said the first thing he would do would be to import plenty of straw, a reply that was received with pursed lips.

In the end they chose the *East Lynne* man. Sympson would not have minded so much if a friend of his on the committee had not told him afterwards that the deciding factor was *East Lynne's* bright humour and ready wit. He had made a very clever remark, apparently, about the Haves now being Hads and the Have-nots becoming Have-nows.



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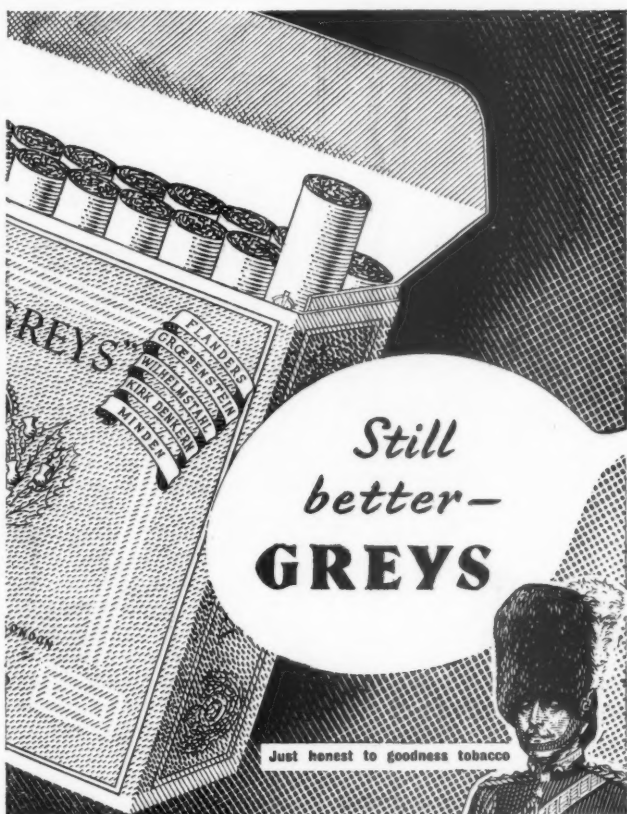
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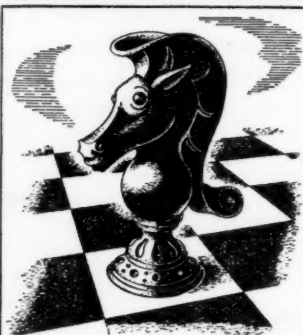
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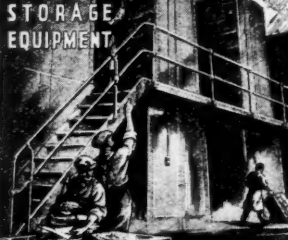
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